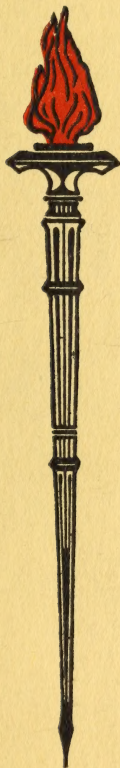


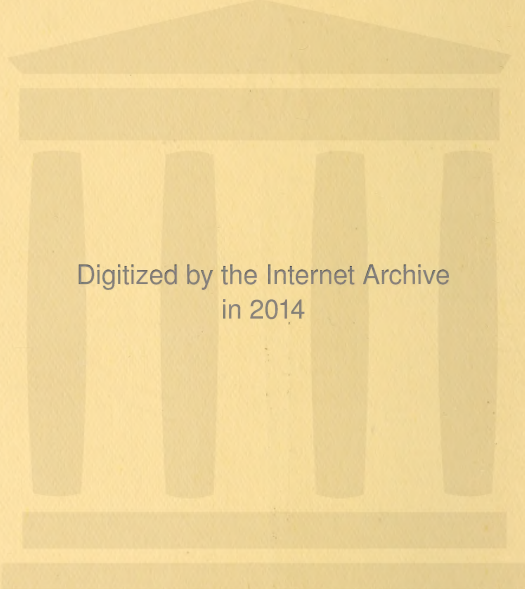
Pamph  
R Theol  
C



# Height and Depth



C. CALAMO



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2014

# HEIGHT AND DEPTH OF SIN AND RIGHTEOUSNESS

BY

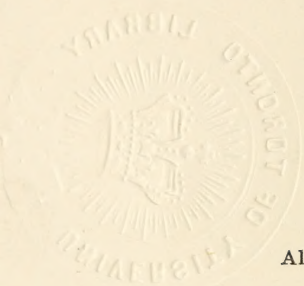
C. CALAMO

Author of "A Message to You," "Eventide," etc.



321211  
16.11.35

Winnipeg Printing & Engraving Co., Limited  
Printers



All Rights Reserved





## CHAPTER I

“Sooner or later,” says Dr. Westwood, “we are all driven with Count Tolstoy to ask what does life mean.”

All things considered, there can be absolutely no other question of such vital importance to every member of the human race. In spite of that, however, is it not the natural tendency of mankind to defer that particular solution for a convenient season until after the busy rush of one's own programme of life has been entirely fulfilled, thus ignoring its claim as of equal importance to the general demands incurred in the pursuit of temporal peace, and happiness.

Lawrence Hope gives expression to such as court life independent of what the ultimate purpose thereof may be, namely:

O life, I have taken you for my lover,  
I rent your veil and I found you fair,  
If a fault or failing my eyes shall discover,  
I will not see it, it is not there.

In the work entitled “Our Blessed Dead,” by J. J. Howitt, the following declarations indicate a true representation of the natural inclination of the human heart, to evade, that momentarily solemn question, namely, “It is one of the supreme tokens of God's grace, that we are able to keep our thoughts away from death. The boat of our life is, however, set for that mysterious shore, but yet, as the years increase, we do occasionally forget for a moment to laugh, sing, work or play, and lift our eyes from the deck games and scan the horizon, or

we let our books lie open in our lap while the soul goes wandering its lonely way into tracts and circumstances unrevealed. What shall we discover, and what shall it be like? Will it end in an eternal sleep, or in a short sleep, and a great awakening?"

Inevitably will that, the greatest of all important issues, remain but a deep mystery, and an evasive theme, to all who are thus unconcerned to know anything of life, beyond what the ambition for its passing attainments may provide.

Longfellow did not question an awakening beyond the border line of life, and a corresponding valuation of man's existence as expressed in his "Psalm" when he said:

Tell me not in mournful numbers  
Life is but an empty dream,  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real, life is earnest,  
And the grave is not its goal;  
"Dust thou art to dust returnest,"  
Was not spoken of the soul.

"Who can tell," asks Fiske in his work entitled "Life Everlasting," "but what this which we call Life is really death, from which what we call death is an awakening? Who could grasp the height or depth of such a supposition without repeating the above query, namely, What does life mean?"

In spite of the masterly elucidation by Professor Herbert Spencer, relative to the chief phenomena of life, Dr. Henry Drummond, F.R.S.E., E.G.S., declares that neither that or any other definition of life can be said to be even approximately correct unless it were expressed as the sum total of all the functions which resist death.

We accede, in view of such evidence produced, that to know what life really is, is in all probability beyond the finite mind to comprehend.

Relative to the origin of life, the Doctor declared that the scientific world had been rent with discussions for a period of about two hundred years. Many had been the experiments based upon a natural assumption (in spite of the specific declaration in Genesis i. 27 that God created man) that life was capable of springing into being through spontaneous generation. The final conclusion, however, after extensive experiments, as now authoritatively recognized, is that life can only come from the germ of a preceding supernatural existence.

As to the wondrous mysteries of even our bodies, for instance, how little is definitely known. How marvellous is the fact that the heart contracts 4,000 times an hour, that it contains four distinct chambers in a hollow muscle, the lower left hand chamber driving the blood out into tubes or blood vessels, which are called arteries, those arteries carrying the same to every part of the body, branching off as they go, dividing and sub-dividing again and again, until they terminate in threadlike tubes, so very small that they cannot be seen without the aid of a microscope. From those extremities, fine endings of the arteries, the blood escapes and is transferred to similar threadlike tubes, which are attached to the small veins, and these act as tributaries to larger veins, and so on, leading back to the top chamber on the opposite side of the heart. One hundred thousand glands, and two hundred million pores, are said to assist in the constant circulation of the blood.

That delicate and mysterious vital organ of life, like the spring of a watch, may become instantly snapped asunder; how applicable, therefore, is the admonition by Solomon recorded in Ecclesiastes xii. 1, namely, "Remember now thy Creator in the



days of thy youth." . . . Then the figurative reference to the condition of the heart in verse 6 as follows: "Before the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern."

Equally so incomprehensible is the human brain, divided into two parts, forming a left hand and a right hand hemisphere, the general appearance thereof being that of a soft, grey material, everywhere folded upon itself, crumpled or creased together, producing the appearance of extended furrows. Beneath the grey matter there extends a great white mass of nerve fibres, connected like a great array of telephone wires leading into an exchange, that being the seat of the conscious mind. The great bundle of nerves leave the brain by the spinal cord, and are distributed to all parts of the body.

As to the human eye, that is said to be the most wonderful piece of single mechanism in the world, having over 8,000 different mechanical contrivances; 30,000 times a day it opens and closes its soft shutters. It has the power to see the point of a cambric needle, as well as that of sweeping away from this earth to the burning disc of the sun, ninety millions of miles away, etc., etc. Thus, how little is indeed fully understood even about our bodies, and how much less concerning our spirit being, or the vital spark, that of life eternal.

Even King David, in an hour of sincere devotion and adoration to the Lord, the Creator, gave an expression upon that point when he said: "I will praise Thee, for I was fearfully, and wonderfully made." That being therefore non-essential for us to know, does not exclude the fact that we may, in honest research, find a satisfactory solution,



yea, an overwhelming evidence as to what life means, in the highest sense, to us individually.

The general application of such a conviction is implied in many Theological Catechisms, which declare that the chief aim of man is to know God, and to glorify Him.

The evidence universally sustains the claim as a fact that there has been reserved in the remotest recess of the heart of natural man a vacant throne, a vacuum, an unfathomable void, the cavern of the deep affection of the soul, which nothing short of God Himself can satisfy. Around that centre, we unhesitatingly declare, revolve all the aspirations inherent in an abundant life, not only as such applies to the highest gratification of the natural, but to the life as well, which is eternal. With the sum total of all hypothesis based upon such premises, the definition as to the meaning of life is, that it is really a universal exhibition that God is Love, manifesting the true nature of that love which is divine, as delighting to share the same with man, His creatures, such as have been created in His own image.

I admit that such a conception is unfathomable to the human mind, and at the very thought of it we become lost in wonder, and amazement. In view of the infallible evidence, however, as sustained by many sacred declarations and all the records of the history of the race, as such bears upon that point, we can but in adoration to Him, Who thus loved us, acknowledge that life means a reciprocation of that divine love between man and his ever-adorable Creator.

It is to be clearly understood, therefore, that primarily the great issue of this subject is relative to that all-important question, namely, What does life mean, as such applies to the human race? What

do we regard as the fountain head of life and the object of that source in the perpetuation of the race? Consequently, what is man? where did he come from? how long is he going to stay? where is he going at the end of that period? Since man became a being independent of his own choice in the matter, is he therefore responsible for life in any respect whatsoever?

Relative to the question, therefore, What is man and what is the source of his being? we are specifically informed, in Genesis i. 26, 27, that God is the source of life, having created man in His own image.

In Acts xvii. 24, 28, it is written that God made the world and all things therein, and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation, that they should seek the Lord if happily they might find Him, though He be not far from any of us, for in Him we live and move and have our being, for we are also His offspring.

Thus acknowledging that although there are, in view of what has thus been declared, many deep mysteries relative to man and that of our own being, that can but add to our highest appreciation of the intelligence which God has so graciously given to us, as above indicated, in that we may seek Him, and find Him, to the joy and satisfaction of the soul.

Perhaps a single reference will suffice in this connection in regard to the claim that man is an immortal creature. It is found in Ecclesiastes xii. 7, in words as follows: "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God Who gave it," referring to the time of the dissolution of soul and body.

It is, of course, well known that the body is but the material frame of man. It is the spirit which is the living substance considered independently of corporal existence. It is an intelligence conceived of apart from any physical organization or embodiment. It is the vital essence, force or energy as distant from matter, the intelligent part of man, the soul in distinction from the body in which it resides; the spiritual, rational and immortal part in man, that part which enables him to think and which renders him a subject of moral government. One definition of life declares that it is but the time during which the soul, and body are united.

That, of course, we understand as referring to the natural or mortal life only. Relative to the life of the spirit, the Scriptures abound with evidence in addition to that as above quoted, namely, that the spirit shall return to God Who gave it, that it is immortal, and therefore shall live forever. Thus it is very evident that the interests of the immortal soul, the spirit life, is infinitely of the greater importance. Aside from its uncertainty and its fleeting average, natural life, at the most extended period, is but like a meteoric flash as against the never-ending cycle of eternity, the duration of the soul.

Yet how precious and sacred is mortal life, the dawn of an intelligence that is linked by its Creator to possibilities so profound that the human mind can never conceive of, beyond the mere fact of its beginning, for it is written, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither has it entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for those who love Him." Thus life is but a short probationary state, the dressing-room to attire the soul with all its glittering apparel becoming a bride to



meet the bridegroom when he comes, to be transported to a mansion not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Such, by the way, has been God's ultimate purpose in the perpetuation of the race. Notwithstanding that fact, however, that such was God's design regarding man, and that by His omnipotent power and infinite wisdom all means requisite to such ends had been fully provided for. Man, because of his endowment of an absolute free will, frustrated his divine rights by an act of wilful rebellion, such as entailed the progeny of the entire race. Though modern thought may close its eyes and turn a deaf ear to such a claim, the fact remains sustained by a universal evidence that man is a fallen creature, and that in his natural state he does not know God, being under the power and dominion of that enemy by whom the world was deceived and led captive. So dreadful were the consequences of that transgression by man that nothing short of a new creation, can ever effect the reinstatement of his position as a subject into the kingdom of God, his creator and original benefactor.

Thanks be to God, therefore, that according to His eternal purpose, infinite love and mercy, a new and living way has been opened whereby such a reconciliation can be effected. Not only is it possible that such might become the condition, but the very evidence of such a provision having been provided for displays God's great concern for the highest welfare of His beings.

These brief inferences, relative to the most stupendous questions that can ever engage the human mind, have led us to the obligation of ascertaining as to whether man, who was born independent of his choice in the matter, is therefore responsible for the disposition of his manner of life. The

fact that God, the Creator, has, notwithstanding the fallen condition of man, provided means for his deliverance from his ruined state, that act renders the creature responsible for his acceptance or rejection of the same, and liable to the reward due, or condemnation incurred, according to the course pursued. Due to the fact that through the fall of man sin became incorporated in his very being, which was formerly pure, innocent and upright, he has become a subject of an irrepressible conflict, between right, and wrong. Forces between which there can be absolutely no compromise. Every person, therefore, whether voluntarily or otherwise, inevitably must enlist under the banner of one or the other, there being no neutral ground in the matter. The reward of one class, that of the righteous, is to be an unending happiness, whereas the wages of sin, on the other hand, will incur an eternal separation from the possibilities of such a felicity, by having spurned the offers of God, the author thereof.

The irretrievable consequences, therefore, of such an eternal loss, is not only condemnation of the soul, guilt and remorse, but it has entailed a corresponding punishment for the rejection of the abundant provision which had been made for such deliverance, at such an infinite cost as that of the giving of God's only Son, to die an ignominious death as an atoning sacrifice.



## CHAPTER 2

The greatest event, as recorded in the Bible as having occurred previous to the history of man, was that of the fall of Satan and his hosts, from the glorious estate of the first heaven, (not the heaven awaiting the redeemed of the Lord, where sin can never come). Led by pride and corrupted by beauty and ambition, he had planned to grasp the sceptre of the supreme sovereignty. His method at that time (as well as it is now) was that of deception. So artful was he, the father of lies, so dazzling his beauty, so cunning his plans, so great his power, that he at that time led into rebellion against God one-third of the mighty hosts of heaven.

A descriptive reference to that event is recorded in Revelations, which is in part as follows: "And there appeared another wonder in heaven, and behold a great red dragon, whose tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven and did cast them to the earth. And there was war in heaven, Michael and his angels fought against the dragon, and the dragon fought and his then fallen angels and prevailed not, and the great dragon and his angels were cast out into the earth."

Here therefore did Satan set up a mighty kingdom against God, a kingdom of darkness, deception and wickedness, as against God's kingdom of life, justice and righteousness. Thus Satan has become the God of this world as it is written, for we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in



high places. The Scripture abounds in declarations substantiating the claim that such a kingdom hath been set up in the earth as against that of the kingdom of God. One reference containing Christ's own statement, for instance, as contained in Matthew xii. 25-28, bears very clearly upon that point, namely, "Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation, and every city, or house, divided against itself shall not stand, and if Satan casts out Satan, he is divided against himself; how then shall his kingdom stand. But if I cast out devils by the spirit of God, then the Kingdom of God is come unto you." That declaration, by the way, is also a positive proof that said inferred kingdoms are actually set up, either one or the other, in the very hearts of men.

All that I still remember of the ever-popular play known as "The Checker Game," in which I used to take part when a lad, is that the success or failure of the contestants was in proportion to their skill and judgment in the movements of their military forces upon certain invaded districts of the King's domains. The objective, therefore, was that of forcing the opponent to evacuate all occupied territory.

To use that figure as an illustration in the case in hand, it is quite applicable to say that the human heart represents a kingdom, or a sovereign's divisional possessions at stake in a great conflict for conquest.

Such being the premises of this great issue, the question naturally arises as to what is really the nature of the incentive actuating the various principles, which are represented in the great conflict which is involved, as herein implied. As such applies to man, the creature, in its general concep-

tion, it is that of self-preservation, comfort and happiness.

Perhaps no word in the English language, in view of all that it implies, could express to our minds more clearly the real principle which characterizes Satan's work, as that of revenge. It is evident that he was an angel created by God, and had been given a very exalted position, for it is written concerning him, "Thus, says the Lord God, thou sealest up the sum full of wisdom, and perfection in beauty. Thou art the anointed cherub, that covereth, and I have set thee so. Thou wast upon the holy mount of God. Thou hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire. Thou wast perfect in all thy ways, till iniquity was found in thee."

Pride, and an ambition to become equal or superior to God, by grasping the sceptre of supreme sovereignty, led to his fall.

The cause, therefore, which has its effect in the malignant hatred, and avowed revenge of that arch fiend against God, was due to his defeat in his great battle for supremacy, including the fact that his final doom has been decreed, an expulsion from the realms of glory, and a banishment to a place of eternal punishment, which is described in Matthew xxv. 41, also Revelations xx. 10. That hatred and avowed retaliation because of such defeat, wreaks its vengeance upon all the subjects of God's intelligent creatures. The fruit thereof is evident in the fall of man, which has been brought about through his cruel deception from his original state of purity, and in the results of sin, which predominate in the human heart, the very throne of his Satanic kingdom.

How awful is the thought that Satan, through mankind, has power to perpetuate his kind, as is

written in Matthew xiii. 38, the tares are the children of the wicked one.

In view of all that we have learned to know of God, on the other hand, it seems to me that it would be equivalent to a gross insult to Him, to inquire relative to the principle which actuated His creation, the preservation and redemption of man, since it has universally portrayed the undeniable fact that He (God) is love.

To the natural man, with a heart darkened by sin, there may appear many contradictions to such a declaration. For a single example, for instance, a half a million children are born deaf and dumb, or idiots, annually, as a result of intemperance alone. Such iniquity of the parents, visited upon their offspring, is not through the ill-will of the Creator, but is the result of the operation of an immutable law. Even all that which characterizes God's chastisement for sin, is in no case an act for vengeance, but rather of love. Such affliction is not for punishment, but for protection and ultimate deliverance.

"As I live," says the Lord God, as recorded in Ezekiel xxxiii. 11, "I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that they should turn and live." It is only from such a standpoint that we can conceive of the truth of the declaration that God's love passes all human understanding. Often where transgression has caused misery, pain and suffering, such as would produce eventual death, some painful providence intervenes to restrain and deliver. Thus love is the law of life, as against the evidence of the law of sin, which is death. The evidence of such a law is even chemically revealed as a deadly poison, in a drop of an infuriated man. The Scriptures abound with evidence and declarations, that God is



no respecter of persons, and that it is the very nature of His being that none should perish, but that all should come to repentance. Pleadingly He has said, Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear My voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me.

The depth of the love of God is portrayed in all that clusters around the sacred and hallowed scenes of Calvary, in the exhibition of His matchless gift, which can never be fathomed by the human mind. Only some faint conception thereof comes to one who has become awakened from his lost state of sin, to the awful conditions in which he finds himself, and of the vast gulf, which separates a sinner from a holy God. When such a one finds pardon, reconciliation, a peace and joy which is unspeakable takes possession of that heart. To all who have been bound down by a terrible load of sin, and harrassed by guilt, condemnation, the fear of death, and the judgment, when they, by faith, see in the efficacy of the blood of Christ, a full atonement, to such there comes a measure of the realization of that great gift.

The fact of having thus expressed what I believe to be a logical view, relative to the primary cause which actuate human incentives, reminds me of a thrilling realistic experience through which I passed upon one occasion, which had appeared to me as having represented a tragical game of fate, or at least such a one, as was tending toward a final alternate destiny.

In that never to be forgotten battle, and awful conflict for freedom, from the clutches of a seeming host of the powers of darkness, I subsequently learned indirectly that I had in reality been the party of the first part, in that represented game.

Furthermore, I had been actually playing for or against, either of two other desperate contestants whose coveted conquest was, as I became aware to my astonishment, on the one hand that of my utter and irremediable destruction, as against that of my highest possible welfare, on the other.

In other words, Satan, the ruling monarch in the natural heart, was opposing with all his forces the instinctive intuition, and convictions, for a submission to the claims of God which had become involved in that contest.

As to the power which Satan still exerts, it is indeed next to that of being equal to the Almighty. One example, for instance, of that nature was manifested in the enchantments of the Egyptian magicians, which threatened to thwart all God's punishments which Moses and Aaron declared should be sent against Pharaoh and his hosts.

Their rods, as well as the rods of Moses, became serpents before them, and all the waters in the rivers of Egypt became blood, and all the land became covered with frogs as well, with their enchantments. Not until the dust of the earth became lice upon man and beast, did they acknowledge that it was the finger of God, and beyond their power to produce. Satan, through them, had then reached his limit. Proportionately so is Satan powerful in the Spiritual Kingdom. As to the human heart in its natural state under his ruling sway, that is declared, as recorded in Jeremiah xvii. 9, to be deceitful and desperately wicked. The issues of the heart are more specifically stated in Matthew xv. 19, namely, Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies, etc.

Shaw, in his work entitled "Creator and

Cosmos,' declares that man of all animals is the most cruel. Indeed, he substantiates his claim in some of his accounts of ferocious deeds committed, such as appear on the surface thereof, too revolting to have ever been possible.

What but the evil tendencies of the human heart intensified by the spirit of Satanic hatred and avowed vengeance towards God and His redeemed followers, instituted the relentless persecutions during the medieval centuries, the trials of the innocent, the cruel mockings and scourgings, the bonds and imprisonments of those of whom the world was not worthy. They who were destitute, afflicted and tormented, were driven to wander in deserts and mountains, in dens and caves of the earth, tracked like wild beasts, slain by the sword, stoned to death, sawn asunder, tortured upon the rack, burned at the stake, crucified and decapitated by the guillotine.

It is said of Nero, that as a child (before the seeds of sin began to bear fruit) he was very tender hearted, to an extent that he could not bear to see anyone, or even any creature, to suffer. By contact with misery, and vice however, it became his pleasure in time as a ruler to consign his subjects, upon the least provocation or pretext, into the lions' dens of the great amphitheatre; yea, to poison his brother, murder his own wife and mother, order his slaves to set fire to the capital of Rome, a city of twelve hundred thousand persons, personally playing his violin, to add to the amusement of that great conflagration. Afterwards, he accused the Christians of the deed of incendiarism, and when a great many of them had been apprehended, he poured oil over a large number of them, and then burned them to death.

Thus the law of habit tends to the submission of sin, until it becomes hardened, calloused, and



its victim becomes a final slave to its claim. That is true relative to whatever phase thereof one might consider.

Such are really some of the actual characteristic dispositions of human nature, as implanted in the heart of man, as subjects of the kingdom of the evil one, exemplified, of course, in the above cited instances, as the result of life unrestrained by any sense of justice and mercy, the fruition of the full sway of all natural tendencies of that nature.

Indeed, we need not go away back in history and attribute such atrocities to preceding generations, for there are still South American tribes who bury alive their aged people, and burn the third baby in every family. Alas, crimes are increasing. Accusations of cruelty and barbarism are still laid at the doors of many so-called civilized countries. Suppose we stop to recall an instance, as publicly declared authentic in *Current Opinion*, vol. 69, 1920, relative to the awful fate of the Royal Family of Russia, during the late war.

The account is given by Francis McCullough, a British army officer and war correspondent. "At one o'clock at night," said he, "July 16, 1918, the Czar was awakened with the information that an invasion was imminent by the revolutionists, and that the cellar (in the house of that disgraceful old building where the Royal Family had been confined for some time as convicts) would be the safest place for retreat. The Czar after thanking the messenger informed the rest of the family likewise. They immediately dressed, and proceeded toward what proved to be the slaughter house for their sudden doom. It was a pathetic procession which entered that cellar. The Emperor and his wife came first, arm in arm, dignified but trembling, as if to meet a greater monarch than themselves. The other seven

in number—four daughters, one crippled son carried by his eldest sister, one male servant and one cook. Olga, the oldest, was 23 years of age, Marie 19, Anastassia 17. The Captain asserts that those ladies were most beautiful, talented, refined, graceful and innocent.

That cellar was about 14 feet wide, by 17 long, with but a single small barred window at one side. Upon the walls of that dungeon on all sides had been scrawled the most obscene pictures of cruel accusation, as to the Queen's life of intimacy, with Rasputin. It needed but a glance at those conditions, and at the band of soldiers with guns, and fixed bayonets, to convince all present that they had been led into a death-trap, and that their doom had come. Instantly they had all cuddled down upon their knees, at the far end of that cellar, crossing themselves, excepting the Czar, who took a standing position in front of them, and was in the act of raising his finger in an evident attempt to plead for the rest, as the leader of that notorious gang shouted out an official order for their execution, and shot the Czar like a dog. Instantly the soldiers began shooting at the rest; the shrieks of indescribable horror, and agonies, were all ended within five minutes, excepting in the case of the two youngest, who were still living, but who were then also, suddenly despatched. The yells of those infuriated murderers, the roaring of their guns, the clatter of the bayonets, was a part in the chapter of the annals of the barbarism, still rampant, in this enlightened day and generation, such as is beyond description.

When that bloody scene was ended, the bodies of those victims were wrapped in blankets, taken from the beds whereon they had slept, then thrown into a military motor lorry. Later on, some miles

out of the village, they were pitched into some carts and conveyed to a disused shaft known as the Isepsky Mine. Finally, a cremation of the bodies was decided upon. A pile of wood was then collected, upon which they were placed, the Czar's being put on the top. The leader, Yuorsky, who had shot the Czar, uncovered that anointed head of Nicholas, once autocrat of all Russia, ruler of the Russian Church, Holy Orthodox Czar, exposing fully his ashy face, his glassy eyes, and his beard stiffened with blood. Subsequently he bent down gently, like a priest in the act of performing a solemn vow, and carefully pressed the lip of a jug against that cold brow, filled with sulphuric acid, and poured that burning and obliterating liquid over the dead man's features. Then two barrels of petrol were poured over that pile of human beings, which was then ignited, spreading flames twenty feet into the air. Yuorsky later on discovered a skull, which he thought he recognized as that of the Czar's, and fearing that it might lead to identification, he smashed it with a shovel, then threw it back into the fire, where it was reduced to ashes. Because of those deeds of valor, Yuorsky holds a prominent position in the Bolsheviki Government.

That was in 1918; but, according to an article which has just come to my notice dated last May, the crimes above referred to were just the beginning of wholesale executions which were then still continuing. The witness declared that he had been forced to behold many such scenes, which usually took place from 12.30 to 4.00 a.m. The number of victims were from eleven, upon one occasion, to as many as fifty-nine, at another time. "Oh! the death agony," said the writer, "of those who were brought out of the prison when they began to realize that they were either to be cut to pieces, or

to be shot. The cries of 'Save, oh! save my soul. Give my love to my wife, to my dear children.' Many," says the writer, "in the agony of death, so clung to him that they had to be actually torn from his embrace. Few words usually followed, except the last shrieks of fear, before the victims were in eternity."

"Twice," says the writer, he himself had been numbered amongst the doomed, but in both instances he was most miraculously delivered. Indeed, the account referring to those particulars is a long and thrilling one, which we can thus but slightly indicate.

Such may become the ultimate issues of the ruling passions of sin in the human heart, where Satan with all his ruling forces holds a full sway.

All this is in full accord with Paul's picture of the moral degeneracy of the soul, divided against itself, such as once gave expression in deepest agony in an hour of deep conviction, when he got a view of his true condition: Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?

Edgar Allan Poe represents such an atagonism in William Wilson, who had been constantly meeting a kind, gentle being of the same name, and whose manner and voice ever seemed so much like his own; that impersonator was constantly dogging his footsteps, intruding into his private abode with warnings and a pleading voice, thwarting every evil purpose. Finally, distracted by such impertinent and persistent interference, he (Wm. Wilson) drew a sabre and slew what proved to be his double self, which gave forth its dying utterance in those terrible words, "Henceforth art thou also dead, dead to hope, dead to purity, dead to God, in me thou didst exist, but now thou hast murdered thyself."





## CHAPTER 3

In that strange and pathetic story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Robert Louis Stevenson depicts another instance of a double existence. In that case, Dr. Jekyll was a man pure in his life, possessed with high ideals, loving and kind, with generous sympathies and charities. It happened that once during some scientific investigations in his laboratory that he discovered a drug which, when taken, dissolved his better self and released the vile, mean, lower part of his animal nature, before which the noble, pure, kind person of Dr. Jekyll faded away. The brute in him took the reins; the angel form which abode there retired. The devil took the stage; his body shrivelled away to fit his shrunken soul. Such is the description given us by that author.

A story has been told of how a certain king had requested one of his subjects to forge a very strong chain. Again and again, upon completion as required, demands were made for further extension, the addition of other links to that chain, until eventually it had become sufficiently long to be used in binding that very subject himself, as a convict for misdeeds during his own life's career.

Thus the evil passions of the natural heart, the carnal mind, the depraved nature, the accrued habits and perverted appetite form the links, which bind and shackle the slave of sin. Sin gradually destroys all the vitality of the soul; the senses and functions of the being become dwarfed, withered and paralyzed.

Leprosy, which is a type of sin, carries the analogy still farther in that, that eventually certain members of the body actually become dislocated, and eventually drop off entirely. Though some claim a cure for leprosy, such as Dr. J. McDonald and E. A. L. Dean of Philadelphia, U.S.A., who have asserted, owing to their success in the treatment of the malady, that the days are past when it could be said that leprosy was incurable.

A new and practical encyclopaedia, however, edited by Sir James Crichton Brown, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., and Sir William H. Broadbent, Bart., K.E.V.O., M.D., F.R.S., late physician-in-ordinary to the King and Prince of Wales, including several other professors from Germany and United States, therein publicly declare that no positive remedy for certain forms of leprosy, have yet been known. Lowell C. Frost, M.D., of Los Angeles, California, was still more bold, in a recent report in reference thereto, when he declared that of all the thousand methods of treatment as yet employed, not one has justified itself as a permanent cure for leprosy, or the annihilation of its deep-rooted malignant germ.

The advocacy of these different views is quite applicable to the various expositions relative to sin and the remedy for its eradication. Just recently a lady said to me, "My life has been an even, smooth, good, straight-for-ward sort, such as excluded me from what is considered a necessary religious course. Don't you think," said she, emphasizing the same with a look of self-sufficiency, "that my chances for heaven are as good as others?"

As against such a misconception of the real nature of sin, there is that natural view of it that it is but a question of an individual course of action, to an extent that a reformation in conduct, and manner of life, would atone for past offences and

fully justify such future conduct. Others again, who consider that the malady of sin is more deeply rooted, resort to all sorts of forms, and ceremonies, for its eradication, penance in some instances, and self-inflicted abasement, in proportion as their conception may demand. In still other cases where such a course is not considered as a sufficient safeguard from contamination of sin, such self-demands are renewed, and thus become an actual life of slavery, to a cruel form such as fails to destroy, or alleviate the sufferer of the malignant disease. Even if it were possible that such a course could afford temporary relief from the guilt of sin, what about the doop-rooted germs of that malady in the human heart, and in every drop of blood?

Jeremiah, the prophet, in xiii. 3 inquired, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Then may we also do good who are accustomed to do evil." These thoughts are synonymous to that which was conveyed in an illustration which I saw some time ago. The picture represented a scene in the wilderness at the time when God, as a punishment for the transgressions of the Israelites, sent fiery serpents among them, the sting of which was sure death. Moses subsequently received a commandment to make a fiery serpent of brass and to put it upon a pole, and was promised that all who were bitten should live if they would but look upon it. That promise, of course, was verified in every instance of obedience, as recorded in Num. xxi. 6-9.

The picture above referred to represented, however, the peddling and sale of all kinds of advocated medicinal remedies among the people, and magical performances as altogether more reasonable, and certain preventatives, than that of merely looking upon a serpent upon a pole. What specific virtue could there be in that?

How true were those examples in comparison with man's ideas as against God's simple plan of redemption, a remedy for the death sting of sin. Thus it was written, "For as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish but have everlasting life."

In accord with the application of those truths was that tragical event of the slaying, by God's destroying angel, of all the first-born of both man and beast throughout all the land of Egypt, except where certain specific instructions, which had been given to the children of Israel, through Moses, had been strictly observed.

The sprinkling of the blood of a lamb, without blemish, upon the two side posts and on the upper doorposts of the houses was a God ordained signal for the destroying angel to pass over. The full account of that ever-memorable Passover is recorded in Exodus xii. 1-24. In that instance, the blood of the innocent lamb, which had been slain, was typical of the blood of the Lamb of God, which was shed upon Calvary. Wherever that precious blood has been applied by faith to the human heart, it has become a safeguard against any destroying influence, or powers of the adversary of the soul.

It was within the walls of the Tower of London, England's cherished inheritance, built with the stones of the ages, and watered with the blood of England's noblest sons and daughters, that Lady Jane Grey testified, before lying down and placing her head on the block for the executioner. "I pray you all, good Christian people," said she, "to hear me witness, that I die a true Christian woman, and that I look to be saved by none other means but only by the mercy of God, in the merits of the blood of His only Son, Jesus Christ."



In Leviticus a wonderful picture is given of the cleansing of the leper by the offering of a bird by the priest. Two clean live birds, cedar wood, scarlet and hyssop were used. One of the birds was killed in an earthen vessel, over running water. The living bird, the scarlet, the hyssop and the cedar wood were then dipped in the blood of the slain bird, after which some of the blood was sprinkled seven times upon the leper, who was then immediately pronounced clean. That is a type of Christ's atoning death. There He is represented by the blood that was slain. The living bird, dipped in the blood of the slain bird, and then set free in the open field, is the type of the sinner, sick in soul, diseased with sins of leprosy, set free by the blood of Christ.

Blood stands in Scripture as the symbol of life, as recorded in Leviticus xvii. 14. In typifying the substitution of Christ for the sinner upon the cross, the shedding of the blood of the sacrificial victim is a picture of the life of Christ, poured out for us. No sacrifice could be satisfactory to God unless the blood was shed upon the altar, signifying a life poured out in place of the guilty life, which deserved to die.

God had said, "Without shedding of blood there is no remission." For this reason Jesus did not die under Jewish law, which would have meant stoning; but He was "lifted up" on the cross. The malefactors were not dead at sundown, so their legs were broken; but Jesus had His life, and destiny, in His own hands. No man took His life: He laid it down of Himself. So, finding Him already dead, the soldier pierced His side, and the blood was shed; thus meeting the requirements of the law.

A scene where Satan had dragged his victim into the very cesspool of sin, but who through a

miraculous intervention was delivered, has so forcibly impressed itself upon my mind, relative to the efficacy of the Blood of Christ to save, that I cannot refrain from giving a brief account thereof in this connection, as it bears directly upon the present points in question in our main account.

An exceptionally fine and handsome young man in London, England, with the most noble qualities, pure character, refined manner, endowed with a brilliant mind, was the pride of his father's heart.

Once he was pure as the morning dew,  
As he knelt at his mother's knee,  
No face was so bright nor heart more true,  
And none was so sweet as he.

Unfortunately, sometime previous to his college graduation, he began to gradually lose the control of his manhood, through an increasing perverted appetite for strong drink. At about that time his father died, leaving to his wife and only son, an enormous fortune. The son was but a few years spending not only his own portion of that legacy, but that of his mother's as well, in a fast life, as a result of intemperance, bringing his mother with sorrow, and a broken heart, to a premature grave.

Shortly after, still another immense fortune was left to that profligate by an uncle of his. That too was broadcast as he travelled to all quarters of the globe, eventually becoming a penniless outcast. Some of his disgraced relatives then shipped, and relegated him to the slums of New York City. During ten long years which followed, as he was shuffled from one den to another, where vice, cruelty and crime rubbed elbows, he had absolutely nothing to eat except what he gathered out of garbage refuse. His clothes consisted mostly of paper, and burlap bags, wrapped about his wretched form.

The scene in which we are principally concerned, as connected with that case, was in the Central Park directly in front of the noted Metropolitan building of that city. As I have often reclined there in the shade, I imagine I can see the very spot where the incident occurred. It was on a Sunday afternoon when that same degraded form of humanity, the most dejected object conceivable, had strolled away from his native haunts, and in a trembling condition in that park, accosted a gentleman for five cents. The gentleman looked at him in pity, and said, "My dear brother, how gladly would I give you not only five cents, or five dollars, or twenty-five dollars, or more could they possibly bring you any relief in your present condition. Under the circumstances I would advise you to go down to 312 Water Street, to the Jerry McAuley Mission. Unless you can receive some help from that source, your case is a hopeless one.

In that world-renowned Mission Hall there is a particular spot near the chancel rail which I thought, as I saw it, to be about ten feet square. It would fill a volume to tell the marvellous history of that sacred enclosure. As I think of what I personally saw there of the power of God to save, and of the fact that a directory there had in 1910 contained the record of over one hundred thousand instantaneous conversions, I can but compare that place to the Pool of Bethesda, as recorded in St. John v. 2. There, it will be remembered, a multitude of impotent folks—halt, blind and withered—were always waiting for the troubling of the waters by an angel, since the first one that stepped in thereafter was made whole of whatever disease he had. Thank God, however, that the great spiritual fountain, which was typified by that consecrated encl-

sure in that Mission Hall, was always troubled, so that all who plunged therein by faith were made whole.

Among the usual number, more or less, of such wretched human beings who always respond to a plea to gather there, and to call upon the Lord for delivery, on that particular Sunday night, was that outcast who had been directed there by that gentleman in the Central Park that afternoon. In simple language, he said, as he knelt within that enclosure, "Oh, God, if there be a God, and a Saviour known as Jesus Christ, I pray Thee to deliver me from this awful bondage. Take away this appetite for drink, forgive my sins, for Jesus' sake, and save my immortal soul, for all human power has failed." Instantly there came as if it had been a thunderbolt from the very throne of God. The prison house of that form of clay was shaken like unto that of the Phillipian earthquake, at the prison wherein Paul and Silas were confined. All the locks, and bars, and fetters which had barred that captive slave, were snapped asunder. That cruel, gnawing appetite was gone. There guilt and condemnation had given place to a tranquil peace; a joy and happiness that was unspeakable, and full of glory, had taken possession of that being who had been snatched as a brand from the eternal burning.

At the time that that Christian brother gave us that account of his life, in the West Side Y.M.C.A. in Buffalo, N.Y., he was drawing a salary (as I indirectly learned) of \$10,000 a year.

O! what an exhibition of the depth of mercy, the heights of infinite love, and the power of God to rescue from the lowest chasms of sin, and degradation, all those who will call upon Him in sincerity and in truth. Praise His name! everyone!!



Many souls are shipwrecked  
Upon life's stormy main;  
Let us do our utmost  
Some soul for Christ to gain;  
Be true and brave and fearless,  
For they are sore distressed;  
While the lost are dying,  
Let each one do his best.

Swiftly time is flying,  
The day will soon be o'er,  
Night will gather round us;  
'Tis now or nevermore.  
Then, faithful to our duty,  
Obeying love's behest;  
Soon we'll hear his "Welcome,  
For ye have done your best."

Upon another occasion, in that same West Side Y.M.C.A. in Buffalo, N.Y., I heard another personal testimony, the inspiration of which has followed me ever since, because of its unusual character. By that I mean to say that the case portrayed was of a singular nature, as regards God's special call, to one who had been entirely absorbed in a course of open sin.

The personal account given by the party in question—a man who was about thirty, or thirty-two years of age,—was virtually as follows: "I had the so-considered honor," said he, "of possessing the title of the Middle Weight Pugilistic Championship Belt, for six years, in the ——— district of the State of New York. During that period I never wanted for money; practically speaking, I had barrels of it. My manner of life, however, was that of spending it, just as fast as I received it, in a life of revelry, debauchery and sin of every kind.

"One Saturday night in a bar-room brawl on Canal Street (which at that time was a veritable hell in the slums of Buffalo), we used everything, aside from ordinary fist fights, that we could lay our hands to, in self-defence,—beer and whiskey bottles, chairs, stove lids, poker, coal and wood,

and what not. I admit that in time I sneaked out of that place and bolted for an escape from the clutches of some ruffians, who had me spotted. I bolted for home in the wee hours. I was in a bad plight; I certainly had a big head, blackened eyes, and a swollen face. Fortunately, I had a very fierce bull-dog in the house. I instructed my wife to tie that dog close to the door, and to see that it was well bolted. Then," said I, "now, let them come. I defy any man to venture an entrance until such times as I shall be ready to receive callers."

Naturally, we should say, who would care for a man of that sort; anyone getting into that kind of trouble, deserves to get out of it the best way that he can. That would be up to him. In connection with what subsequently happened, however, relative thereto, a strange thing occurred in another part of that city, the following morning. That, indeed, had a very important connection with that very disrespectful case, and which bore evidence to the fact that God's thoughts, ways, and degree of love are not like unto man's, for as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are His ways, and His thoughts higher than ours.

We have no particulars as to what the controversy may have been in connection with a specific call, which one of God's faithful servants received that Sunday morning, that of delivering a special message to that same wretched creature. Ananias of Damascus, it will be remembered, as recorded in the New Testament, had been called of God to go into the street which was called Straight, and that there he should find, in the house of Judas, a man named Saul, upon whom he was to lay his hands in prayer. Ananias reminded the Lord that Saul of Tarsus was a dangerous character; but God said, "Go thy way, for he is a chosen vessel unto Me

to bear My name before the Gentiles and the Kings and the Children of Israel," after which Ananias obeyed His instructions, as recorded in Acts ix. 17.

Likewise, at about eleven o'clock that Sunday morning in question, a man with a book in his hand was seen ascending two flights of rickety outside stairs of a dilapidated, old, ramshackle sort of a place in Buffalo, N.Y. Presently the man within, who was still cuddled up in bed, said to his wife, "Hark, there's a rap at the door, keep quiet, don't move." Again, and again, came the rap. Finally the man ordered his wife to have a peek out to see who was there. She did so, and replied that it was just an ordinary man, with a book in his hand. "Well, if those are all the weapons he has, you can open the door a wee bit, and ask him what he wants." She did so, and then reported that the man said that he had been sent with a message of good news, to that family. "Well, I guess it will be safe enough to let him in," came the reply. "Take the dog away, and open the door."

The stranger entered and said that the Lord had sent him to read a portion of His Word, and to pray with the family residing there. "Ha, ha, ha," replied the man in bed, "although we're Irish and good Catholics, we never pray in this house. However, I guess your prayers can't hurt us any, and if my wife doesn't object, you can go ahead." The stranger took a chair near the bed and read first, the 55th Chapter of Isaiah, which so lovingly entreats the sinner to turn from the errors of his ways, and from a life which does not satisfy, to a course of righteousness, such as would produce joy, and peace, and satisfaction. That was followed by the reading of the 53rd Chapter of Isaiah, which deals more particularly with the sufferings of Christ for the redemption of the world.

As to the effect of that simple service, the following is virtually a verbatim account of the testimony which the man gave in the West Side Y.M.C.A., namely: "As that stranger was reading those chapters of Scripture to me, there was a strange feeling crept over me. I became afraid, as though something or other was going to happen to me. Finally I began to tremble, then to quiver, and shake, most violently. By and by, after that man had ended his reading, and had knelt down by the bedside and began to pray, I could not retain myself in bed, for I had now become overtaken with a deep agony, of my very soul. I confess that never had I been floored in any pugilistic contest, but there was something about that reading, and the message which it contained, that gave me a vision of my own self. Now, for the first time, I saw that I was a wretched sinner, and so awful was the sight in which I beheld myself that, in fear and distress, I rose out of bed and almost unconsciously, before I realized what it all meant, I had been floored by a supernatural power, and now found myself too, upon my knees, calling to God for mercy. Thank God, He heard my prayer, took away my load of sin, and I became a new creature. Old things passed away, and, behold, all things became new. That was the most momentous hour of my life. It was the dawn of a new existence. The former ambitions and desires, perverted appetite, sinful lust and tendencies to vice and wickedness, had most mysteriously disappeared. At once the whole course of my life was changed; no more pugilistic contests, no more barrels of money, no more lewd associations, but an entirely new life, an existence affording me peace and happiness, such as the world can never give, nor take away.



I cannot tell thee whence it came, this peace within my  
breast,  
But this I know there fills my soul a strange and  
tranquil rest;

Beneath the toil and care of life this hidden stream flows  
on,  
My weary soul no longer thirsts, nor am I sad and lone;  
I cannot tell the half of love unfeigned, supreme, divine,  
That caused my darkest, utmost self with beams of hope  
to shine.

I cannot tell thee why He chose to suffer and to die,  
But if I suffer with Him here I'll reign with Him for aye.  
Yes, there's a deep settled peace in my soul,  
Though the billows of sin near me roll,  
He abides, Christ abides.

Irresistibly, another instance of God's wonderful dealings with the children of men claims space for brief recognition at this time. The particulars of the case were given in a public address in my hearing, at a prominent church in Chicago, Illinois, by a native of New Zealand.

"In a certain secluded district in New Zealand, there was a specific boundary line," said he, "designated as the limit of safety for any white man to travel. None had ever been known to return who had ventured beyond those bounds. It was infested with the most savage race of wild cannibals. One day, a white missionary, who claimed to have had a divine call, to go and preach the gospel to those heathen outlaws, was nearing that boundary. Many had been the solemn warnings as to the dangers of his certain fate, which had been made all along the line, where he had announced his mission. More especially so, was he warned and entreated, by the nearest inhabitants to those limits.

"In a supernatural way, God deified the very presence of that venerable old man, to the conception of those creatures, to such an extent, that they were all afraid of his presence, and invariably beseeched him to become voluntary slaves to what-

ever his claims upon them might be. As a consequence of those conditions, in a comparatively short time the Chief of all those tribes had become enabled to understand the message of God's revelation to man, as contained in the Gospel. Little by little, conviction began to soften that wicked and cruel heart, giving place to a spirit of sincere repentance, which, of course, very soon ended in his conversion. That was the spark which ignited a spreading fire of a glorious revival throughout that interior, such as brought every son and daughter of those roving tribes, to the foot of the cross.

"In the course of time the question of a House of Worship, a church to be consecrated to God, had occasioned a general gathering of that vast multitude. Contributions of every imaginable description, of such things as they possessed, were offered as free-will gifts to God, Who had so wonderfully delivered them. No sacrifice had been considered too great, independent of whatever such a self-denial might have meant.

"As to the location where that church was to be built, that then became a serious question. In time, however, after a general discussion, pro et con upon the subject, the Chief commanded the forming of a vast procession, saying that he should lead them to the spot which should become the altar, at least, of that temple of worship. The procession was formed and led by that worthy Chief, and that venerable missionary. The pilgrimage was made into the very interior to a spot of clearance, in the centre of which was a very large rocky boulder.

"As that throng neared that scene and began to realize the situation, strong-hearted men and women began weeping silently, then convulsively, ending in shrieks of sorrow, and bitter agony, with alternate shouts of victory, and praises to God, Who

had so wonderfully delivered them from their former lives of crime, and savagery. The secret of it all was the fact, that upon that rough, rocky boulder, countless numbers of white men had been slaughtered, carved up, and feasted upon in hellish glee, by that same multitude. An ever-memorable scene was that to all those tribes, when that tragic spot, upon which many never-eraseable deeds of murder had been committed, now became the consecrated altar, of a sacred church for worship."

The native informed us that a beautiful church had been built there, and that many foreign travelers go there to view that tragic and yet sacred and hallowed altar, near the chancel rail, around which the main floor of that edifice has been neatly fitted. There, many hours, days and nights, are spent by those Christian devotees, now lamenting the horrid deeds of their past, then giving vent to praise, and songs to God for the marvellous deliverance which He had wrought out for them.

Like a tidal wave of glory,  
Reaching over land and sea,  
Sweeps the grand old gospel story  
Of the cross of Calvary;  
Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp, unceasing,  
Of the heralds of the King!  
Daily are the ranks increasing,  
Loud their songs of vict'ry ring.  
Satan's forces flee in terror  
At the coming of the host;  
Sin and wrong, deceit and error,  
Of their skill no longer boast;  
Loud their subtle theme is canted  
As reluctantly they yield,  
And Jehovah's flag is planted  
Farther out upon the field.  
What a song of joy and gladness  
Will resound from shore to shore,  
When the night of gloom and sadness  
Shall be light for evermore;  
When from ev'ry land and nation  
Souls redeemed shall voices raise,  
To the God of our salvation,  
One united song of praise!

Another incident as bearing upon the point of God's love, long-suffering, and mercy, which in that case was toward myself, an undeserving rebel, doing despite to His just claims against me, is applicable in this connection.

It was as I was going down Fulton Street in Chicago, Illinois, one day in 1913, that I was startled to see a man just inside the gate of a beautiful lawn, a little way ahead of me, in apparent trouble. I imagined that perhaps he had met with an accident, or had been overcome by the mid-day heat, as he was struggling hard to get on his feet, from what I supposed to have been an unfortunate fall, caused by some such misfortune. I naturally hastened to assist him, but to my surprise, as I drew near, he ceased his struggles and turned on me in fury. "What do you want?" he cried. I replied that I had feared that he had met with some accident, and that perhaps I might have been able to render some little assistance.

"It is time enough to come to my help when you are called, sir," he replied. "You get out of here, beat it. I'll take care of myself without your butting in. I'll get up, if I want to, when I am ready."

As I passed on, as far as the sound of his voice carried, I could still hear him denouncing my insulting imposition, of interfering with his own private affairs, matters such as did not concern me in the least. Such impudence, he thought, ought to have met its just retaliation, and, in fact, he vowed that he should see that he would get square with me some time or other.

That seemed a rather amusing incident to me, when I learned of my brother's unfortunate intoxicated condition. In time I had practically forgotten about that event, until one night, a few



years ago, as I was reviewing the wonderful manifestations of God's love to me, during all that time of my life that I had refused to submit to His just claims, and tender entreaty. Then that circumstance suddenly flashed upon my mind as a comparative application, as if the case had been a gradual unfolding of the interpretation of that as a parable.

Yes, said I in that solemn hour, I admit that virtually I had many times told the Lord to mind His own business, to get out, to beat it, that it was time to come to me should I ever call for Him.

Say, were you ever guilty of peeking out to see who was coming up the path, or knocking at the door, then stealthily with-drawing, hiding, in pretence of being absent? What an insult. That is how I used to treat the Lord—no one at home. Listen, yes, again and again, that gentle knock was heard, while I was hushing to keep quiet, wishing He would retreat as I invariably was in a hurry, had to prepare, you know, for some pressing engagement.

Furthermore, I felt at that time that, technically, I too had joined in with that howling mob who before Pilate cried out, "Away with Him. I will not have this Man to rule over me. Crucify Him; His blood will be upon us. Crucify Him; give us Barrabas."

I am ashamed of myself as I review the past, bearing upon those stern facts and many other incidents of that nature in my life on the one hand, while on the other hand, my bonded heart overflows with gratitude, praise and adoration, to Him Who, while He was calling others, did not pass me (the chief of sinners) by, in spite of the fact that I thus treated Him many long years. Will you chide me for having stained the original pages of the manuscript containing these particulars with burning

tears? How true is the declaration in His word (as such concerned me) that He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities, but hath rather verified His claim that as the heavens are higher than the earth, so is His mercy toward them that fear Him, and that as far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us, never to be remembered against us any more forever. Praise His matchless name!

Of Jesus' love that sought me,  
When I was lost in sin;  
Of wondrous grace that brought me  
Back to His fold again;  
Of height and depth of mercy,  
Far deeper than the sea,  
And higher than the heavens,  
My theme shall ever be.

'Twas wondrous love which led Him  
For us to suffer loss—  
To bear without a murmur,  
The anguish of the cross;  
With saints redeemed in glory,  
Let us our voices raise,  
Till heaven and earth re-echo  
With our Redeemer's praise.





